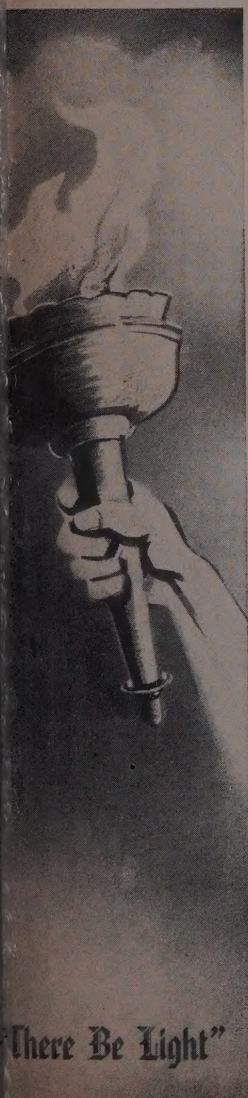


# The Liberalist

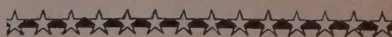
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



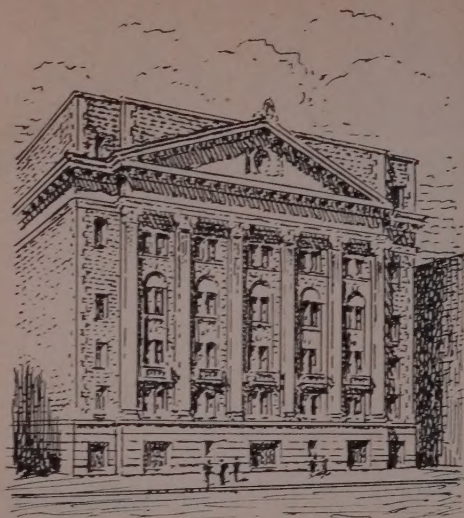
## WHAT IS AMERICA?

**G**OD built a continent with glory, and filled it with treasures untold. He bedecked it with soft, rolling prairies, and pillared it with thundering mountains. He studded it with sweetly flowing fountains, and encompassed it with long, winding streams. He graced it with deep, shadowed forests, and filled them with song. These treasures would have meant little if myriads of people, the bravest of the races, had not come, each bearing a gift and a hope. They had the glow of adventure in their eyes, and the glory of hope in their souls; and out of them was fashioned a nation, blessed with a purpose sublime. They called it *America!*

—Author Unknown



"There Be Light"



**THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO**  
**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road**

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

## **Declaration of Principles**

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

# The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor  
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor



Vol. XIX

OCTOBER, 1942

Number 7

## *Announcing* THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

**Presenting Twelve Outstanding Figures in the  
Modern Scene**

**NOTED JOURNALISTS—PHILOSOPHERS—  
HISTORIANS**

**OCT. 20th—"THE WORLD IN REVIEW"—A SYM-  
POSIUM**

Dr. Preston Bradley, Philosopher  
M. W. Fodor, Historian  
Samuel Grafton, Journalist  
Dr. Gerhard Schacher, Economist

**NOV. 17th—"FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD"  
—A DEBATE**

Mortimer Adler and Bertrand Russell  
Outstanding Philosophic Writers

**DEC. 8th—"I SAW IT MYSELF"—Ace Far-Eastern  
Correspondent Cecil Brown**

**JAN. 5th—"CAUSE THE BIBLE TELLS ME SO"—  
Boake Carter**

Journalist, radio commentator, author

**JAN. 19th—"AT THE RINGSIDE OF HISTORY"—  
H. R. Knickerbocker**

Dean of War Correspondents

**FEB. 16th—"THE MILITARY PANORAMA"—Major  
George Fielding Eliot**

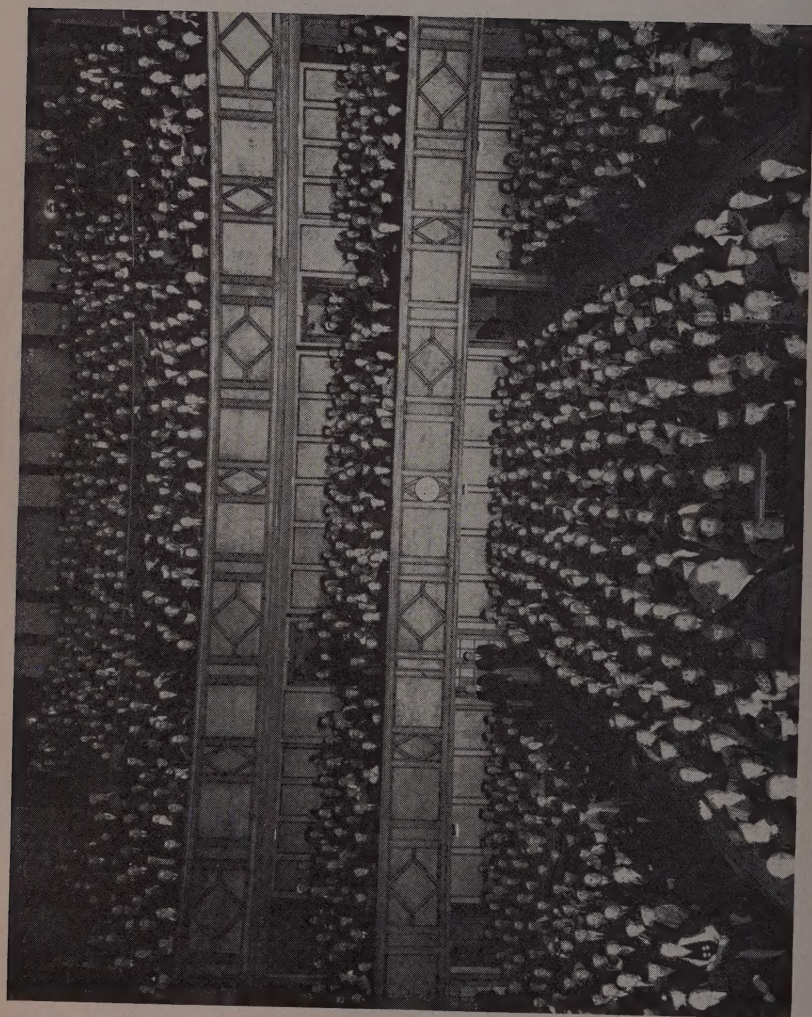
**MAR. 2nd—"THE THEATRE OF ANGNA ENTERS"  
Angna Enter's program of her special "theatre"**

**MAR. 16th—"VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER"—  
Major Alexander P. de Seversky**

Noted authority on aeronautics

**Season subscriptions for "The People's Forum" are  
\$6.60 each (tax included). Secure them now to be  
sure that you hear these great lecture-events.**

**See page 18 for subscription blank.**



Chicago Daily News Photo. Photo taken Sunday  
Regular Sunday evening congregation of The Peoples Church. Evening March 8, 1942

# OPENING THE THIRTY-FIRST SEASON

**A**FTER being away for a period—long or short—there is a feeling of exhilaration about coming back to your work—the church—the city—friends—home. So it was with a feeling of inner excitement and I confess not a little nervousness that I entered my pulpit on Sunday morning, September 20th, for the opening service of The Peoples Church, beginning our thirty-first year.

I had been awake since early morning, thinking about the service and trying to put my mental machinery to work along the lines of the subject I had chosen for my sermon—"Be Not Afraid"—the first of a series of six I have planned to give under the title "Living in Wartime."

Some people don't believe I suffer what is known as "stage fright" before I go into my pulpit each Sunday, but it is true I do—and it is worse on opening Sunday—that is unquestionably the hardest Sunday of the entire year. Mrs. Bradley says I asked her in all seriousness, "Do you think there will be anyone there?" Perhaps I should do a little preaching to myself on the subject of the morning—"Be Not Afraid."

This nervousness leaves me the moment I step onto the pulpit, and on this morning of our Opening Service, when I looked at that vast congregation, into a sea of friendly faces looking into mine, my heart was filled with an unspeakable joy and gratitude,—and I felt very humble. I later learned there were people from many states represented—California, Pennsylvania, Florida, Ohio, Iowa, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin and others.

It is my prayer and my greatest desire that I and The Peoples Church may be of greater help, comfort and inspiration than ever before. Never have I seen the people so really glad to be back in Church after the long vacation period. They crowded the lobby for an hour after service, greeting friends and chatting. I stood at the foot of the steps to the vestry, shaking hands with those who came forward to greet me till half past one o'clock. This will be a difficult winter—but one of great opportunity. May we meet the challenge, working together in loyalty, service and fellowship.

P. B.



## *Life Owes Me Nothing*

Life owes me nothing. Let the years  
Bring clouds or azure, joy or tears,  
Already a full-cup I've quaffed;  
Already wept and loved and laughed,  
And seen, in ever endless ways,  
New beauties overwhelm the days.

Life owes me naught. No pain that waits  
Can steal the wealth from memory's gates;  
No aftermath of anguish slow  
Can quench the soul-fire's early glow.  
I breathe, exulting, each new breath,  
Embracing Life, ignoring Death.

Life owes me nothing. One clear morn  
Is boon enough for being born;  
And be it ninety years or ten,  
No need for me to question when.  
While Life is mine, I'll find it good,  
And greet each hour with gratitude.

*Author unknown.*

## SERMON SUBJECTS

Dr. Bradley began a series of six vital and important sermons with the opening service of church. The general theme of the series is "LIVING IN WARTIME." The sermon subjects follow:

September 20th—"Be Not Afraid."

September 27th—"Let Us Have Faith"

October 4th—"The Armor of God"

October 11th—"The Upper Room"  
October 18th—"Let There Be Light"

October 25th—"Carest Thou Not"

These sermons will be the most needed and helpful addresses which our pastor has ever given. Our opening service was a great home-coming welcome to Dr. Bradley, as he began the 31st year of his work in the church. Plan to attend every service.

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## RADIO ACTIVITIES

Every evening, Monday through Friday, at 6:00 o'clock, Dr. Bradley is on the air over Station WGN, Chicago.

Every Saturday evening at 9:30 o'clock, he is heard on the "Home Front" program, originating in the

studios of WLS, Chicago.

Every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock, WJJD broadcasts the entire service of The Peoples Church.

Listen in and send him your comments.

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## THE BAZAAR DRAWS NEAR

**W**HEN fall comes the Bazaar will be not far behind! The weeks pass so rapidly, the Christmas month will loom up before us long before we are looking for it. And it is in the first week of December The Peoples Church Annual Bazaar is held. There is not much time left to plan what your donation will be. Anything easily salable will be gratefully received. There will be a place for everything. Special booths will be—Aprons, Pillow Slips, Towels, Fancy Articles, Kitchen Booth (for any article for use in a kitchen), Food Booth, Pantry, Candy, Handkerchiefs, "White Elephant," "Dad's Booth," and Miscellaneous, which takes care of all the ex-

tras and extraordinary!

Please send your gift to Dr. Bradley, care of The Peoples Church, or bring it to the church office at any service or during office hours daily. It will be necessary for every member, friend and radio member interested in the church to join hands in making this Bazaar a success. Let us not fall below our record of former years. The church will need the funds furnished each year by the Bazaar. The Woman's Club, under whose auspices the Bazaar is given, has sewed on aprons and other lovely things every Monday all summer. Every organization in the church will assist in an effort to make a Victorious Bazaar! What will you do to help?

# “LET US HAVE FAITH”

**SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

*Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, September 27, 1942*

**I**N one of those altogether too infrequent quiet moments, which have become increasingly difficult for every one of us in this modern world, have you ever silently and reverently in the stillness of that communion with your own soul given any consideration to the question of what life would mean to you if you had lost faith in everything? Have you ever thought what it would mean to you to have it suddenly dawn upon your consciousness that you had lost faith with everything and everybody? There are people who have had that experience, many of them. There are a great many people who are having it today. It is a very universal thing for me, as I talk to people and attempt to meet them on all levels of life, to detect a deep-seated, basic spirit of cynicism and defeatism.

This is to be explained quite logically, I think, in the light of what has happened during the past twenty-five years of our lives. We have been accustomed to great disappointments. We have been privileged, in this past quarter of a century, as a people to pass through four or five epoch-making disappointments, and when a nation and a people have been constantly bombarded with disappointments, there is an inevitable psychological reaction that takes place in their attitudes. When an individual has met with a series of disappointments and disillusionments, has had friends betray him, has had financial difficulties, has lost positions, and has passed through any of the multiplicity of experiences which I could mention, it is perfectly

natural, perfectly normal for such an individual to say: "Why, what's it worth, what's the use? I have lost all my faith in people, I have lost all my faith in everything, and what's the use?" There are thousands of people like that, thousands of them. I assume that in a cosmopolitan congregation like ours this morning there may be hundreds of people who are living in the area of cynicism and who, because of the experiences which they have had, the disappointments and tragedies which have come into their lives, feel that the whole thing is but a mockery and that life is a sort of jest. Our nation and many other nations have passed through the same experience.

The first great disappointment which we had as a nation, probably the greatest of our history, was that disappointment which settled down upon us after our refusal to take part in an international effort to establish a creative world peace, which was the opportunity we had in 1918-1920, and we chose, as a nation, rather the rebuilding of our economic and industrial defenses to the extent that the thrill of getting rich and making money took possession of us all and we had that decade from 1919 until 1929, ten years of national riotous activity when we felt that the facility by which we could acquire money and the strength by which we could build up our ease and our comfort and our security was the primary thing of our national importance, and the record of that history of our life as a nation is well known to every one of you. We were making more clothes

than anybody could ever wear; we were making more automobiles than anybody could ever ride in; we were putting the capitalization of millions of dollars into iron and steel and all the rest of it to make something to carry us around the country over 70,000 to 100,000 miles and which was outmoded when it had gone 20,000 or 30,000 miles, with this great colossal waste of capital, but the capital which must always be implied when we speak of labor, for labor creates capital; and in that area of great, colossal, physical, materialistic expanse, we developed a sense of certainty, that nothing could ever happen to us; we were so strong and rich and powerful: nothing could happen to us as a people, or a nation; we were riding on the chariots of earth and had missed the chariots of the eternal!

Then, out of a clear sky, on that bleak November day of 1929, there came the bolt of lightning; and that bolt of lightning was the vengeance of penalty, and every one of us was penalized, just as we will be increasingly penalized in the days and years which may be ahead for us. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." And in that hour of disillusionment our first great disappointment came, and some of us started to lose faith, and we criticized institutions. We were politically vituperous, and we poured out our epithets of hate upon our President of that period, a man who had no more to do with the bringing on of the depression than this book on my desk this morning. And wherever poverty and unemployment was there was hate and criticism. I remember going down under the Michigan Avenue bridge one cold winter night to see men huddled together like beasts in the fields to keep warm, and over on the portico of concrete was the

sign "Hoover Hotel," evidencing the political hatred and animosity of people who never think through any question but who get their opinions usually from the headlines of newspapers and their own traditions and prejudices, just as they are doing now in this hour. When that reaction came we started to lose faith, and people lost faith in banks, and they lost faith in financiers, and they lost faith in politicians, and they lost faith in manufacturers and in industrialists, and some lost faith in their country. After 1929 we lost faith in the financial system of the United States and the Government reacted so definitely to the keenness of that loss of faith on the part of the people that unheard of overtures were created in order to restore that faith, so when the faith in the banks failed, the United States Government said, "We will guarantee your money in that bank up to \$5,000.00 per deposit."

When our faith died in that first major disappointment of the nation it was an hour when the faith of the people all but expired in the Church, and the organized institution of religion called the "Church," Catholic, Jewish or Protestant, received the full impact of the people, who, in their lack of faith, felt that the priest, rabbi, or preacher, had not become the prophet of God and the advocate of social justice and economic iniquity, but was concerning himself primarily with a halcyon state of Nirvana after death rather than standing out openly and fearlessly against the iniquities and the cancers that were eating at the vitals of our American society and life. It was perfectly safe to talk about heaven; perfectly safe to emphasize in one's preaching the necessity of being saved so that after you were dead everything would be all right; it was unnecessary, to say or do anything about the world

in which you had to live! "Don't say a word about poverty, that's dangerous and they will call you a radical! Don't say anything about the relationship between poverty and vice, that's unthinkable! Don't say anything about a low wage scale for a girl at work when she goes out and sells the nobility of her soul to the first bidder! Don't say anything about poverty and disease! Don't say anything about bad housing and the relationship of the hovels of the negroes to the crime wave of the nation! These things are not religion!" Some in that hour of disillusionment and that major disappointment of the people, demanded of their spiritual leaders that they flirt around with the intangible, the imperceptible and the mystic, and sing hymns about the "Sweet By-and-By." "Don't touch these things, they are dynamite, they are dangerous," and the people lost faith in the Church, and in that great, major disappointment of the people of the nation, millions and millions and millions of people from the Minnesota pine trees to the Florida palms, from the Palisades to the Rockies, millions of us in this country felt we did not need a half hour in any church during any week. There was the whir, and the sound, and the noise, and the confusion of our successful civilization in the ears of the world, and a great disillusionment took place.

Then there have been these other major disappointments which we have experienced as a people but which are perfectly obvious to every thoughtful and critical observer which I need not mention to you, until the loss of faith, the desertion of confidence, the betrayal of that nobility of trust, one of the most beautiful virtues of the world, all but perished. And when nations and empires, and republics, when the whole world that might have integrated its

spiritual and intellectual and moral processes into a mighty, unified action for the world society, permitted these disillusionments and this lack and loss of faith to come into the lives of men and nations, then came ghastly, unmentionable pagans, with their 2600 years of an unbroken inheritance in which in every one of those years had been instilled in their consciousness a racial superiority and a special divine mission in human society, out of the tremulousness of the waters of the Pacific came the Rising Sun, an anachronism, a paradox—the sun rising in the western sea! While there came the same philosophy, crystallized into almost identical similarity, in a voice, rasping, harsh, bitter, tense, shouting about the degeneracy of the democracies, the incompetency of the leadership, the lack of virility of the people, the unwillingness to assume voluntary sacrifices! On the 22nd day of November, when you are going to be permitted 4 gallons of gasoline a week, or 8, or whatever the final figure will be for the month, what are you and I and this nation going to do as we feel increasingly the need for sacrifices that none of us anticipated? O, yes, perhaps, some of us. I can recall some of the sermons of mine that were preached four or five years ago in which it seemed to me I outlined with uncanny and now almost unbelievable accuracy this picture: I could see it then.

Why are we driving on our highways at 35 miles per hour? Why the rationing? Because human nature is so constituted, apparently, that we do not do voluntarily what we ought to do. We have to be forced by law and action. Yesterday afternoon, coming from a funeral, on one little stretch of highway in this city, eight cars went by me at from 45 to 50 miles an hour.

No amount of policing can enforce the law, we would have to have a policeman in every block and at every corner. The people who co-operate, the people who are willing to assist, the people who want to do what is right and decent are always penalized by the people who have to be made to do what they ought to do by the force of their own decency and their own conscience. And the reason we are going to have item after item, rationing after rationing, is not because there is a gasoline shortage, of course there is not, and this whole problem is one which involves the lack of faith of the people in the integrity of the need itself, and they have to be forced by arrests by policemen! Can't you see what I mean?

When disillusionment and lack of faith come to a people, these are inevitable reactions, and they are moral discrepancies; they are a lack in our basic character. We had a morality which made people feel that it was perfectly all right to cheat a corporation any time we could get away with it; people who made lovely prayers and speeches and talked about religion. I remember being in a Woman's Society of a Church (not this one, our women would not do that) and before I was introduced to give my lecture in the afternoon, a woman seated right back of me was telling the other one how clever she was at beating the busman out of her fare when coming to the meeting. She boasted about it and thought it was smart! Whenever they could beat corporations, the railroads, the telephone company, short-change the gas company, whenever they could do anything against some corporation, no matter how much religion they had with their lips, their moral conscience seemed to be silent and they thought it was perfectly respectable and clever and found no inconsistency whatever.

That is one of the things which happen when we are not straight in our moral sensitiveness.

It is not all murder, and it is not all attack, it is not stealing a thousand dollars, none of these things is the important factor, it is *INSIDE OF US*, you and me, this matter of loyalty.

And so, among all the major disappointments which the nation has had, it took something unbelievable to happen to change the whole economy of the world. It took war, WAR, something which never should have taken place at all; it should have been done, and could have been done, without it, but we did not have the strength of our faith. We had money, we had automobiles, we had the deepest and most inexhaustible oil wells of the world, we had coal mines and ore, and a galaxy of brave men and women thinking, not about their own, but about the future of the nation and the world. We had all this, but it was not enough, and now, *NOW*, it is faith again! That is why, with a minimum amount of protest on the part of anybody, and with a maximum amount of cooperation, most decent people are going through with this program. We are going to sacrifice, we are going to do everything asked of us. Most decent people are; selfish people won't. People who don't want to be disturbed, people who want to maintain the status quo, will not; other people will.

We have found a faith again, and the inoperative anemia, which some thought to be inherently a part of democracy, has left us, and democracy, in the recapture of its faith, has recaptured that which constitutes the only philosophy of human society yet designed by the mind of man which can operate decently in the world, and we have recaptured that faith. While

there are snipers, and critics, and termites to give evidence by their attitude of impugning the motives of those who are doing the best they can, the great majority of us in this hour have a deep faith that our principle of life formation is so valuable that we will give our sons, our dollars, we will walk, we will be told when we can eat meat and when we cannot eat meat, we will have taken out of our pay envelopes what our government needs, and we have come to the place in living in wartime where the most of us have regained our faith.

FAITH, without which there could be no victory anywhere. Faith, which creates a direct growth and reaction on the part of the person who has it, that enables them to stand heroically and masterfully against every challenge of this hour! It is the kind of faith that permits a mother to say, as one said to me within the past few hours, with the hot tears down her cheeks, with her eyes misty as she dreamed of her boy, and told me how he looked the last time she saw him, and crunching in her hands that message from her government, and it was recaptured faith when she looked at me and said: "Doctor Bradley, if his going will only keep our country safe and help all the poor people of the world, I can bear it." Faith, faith, that we in the realization of our dream, can keep eternal things.

My dear people, stranger here, critic, friend, foe, Catholic, Jewish, Protestant, black, white . . . what does it matter, there is something eternal, there is something that will live, there is love, and beauty, and friendship, truth and art, music and poetry, there are eternal things. Have faith in them, have faith in God, don't let anyone undermine the support of your soul in this hour! Don't let politics, don't let

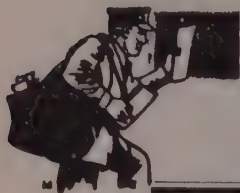
hatreds, don't let these things corrode your souls! You will die, and every beautiful thing will die with you. We are the custodians . . . the lights of the world are out, it is dark, and for such a moment was faith born! That is the time for faith when the hour is dark! That is the very moment for confidence! When people betray you, when loss comes, when grief streams through your soul and anguish comes and bitter news, and you say to yourself, Why, why must this come to me? What have I done? Why must I suffer? Why must this come to me?

They are asking me that every day . . . Why? . . . Why? I know that in the hour of your extremity when the heavens crash and the mountains sweep into the sea, and the flocks die, and the children are dead and life afflicts you with illness and sores, I know that that is the hour to affirm and say: 'I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' 'Though he slay me, yet will I love him.' Not the theological monstrosities of man's creative imagery, not a creed, but an eternal truth! And if we will anchor to that, faith has the alchemy . . . and here's the secret . . . faith has the alchemy, the power, that the moment my mind and my heart desert the valley of cynicism, despair, criticism, condemnation, hatred, jealousy, envy, vituperation, the moment I bathe my soul and get clean from this garbage, that moment health will come back into my body; that moment friendship will have a new significance.

Faith is creative, it works a chemical change in your blood; it does something to your mind, it creates an environment in which the body can function. People say, 'How can you take that position? How can you do that

much work? How can you stand what you stand? How? How? How? Every good thought, and every affirmation of faith, and every confidence automatically works a miracle and your

whole attitude toward life is changed, your whole being is transformed . . . FAITH! Try it, try it today, this week, and next Sunday, and every one of you will be different.



## The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

**T**HIS morning, as I walked down the birch path to the study. Gah-Gah, our large police dog, suddenly ran ahead into some thick undergrowth along the water's edge, and in a few seconds there was a loud whirring, as he flushed several partridges from cover to safety on a high limb of a cedar tree. Ah! I thought, surely it is autumn—when partridges come to eat cedar berries. Sometimes they remain on the Island a month or two. Then I saw a lonely looking robin perched on a twig in a hazelbush—"Au revoir," I said, "You will be leaving in a few days—and we go tomorrow. May we meet in the Spring!" And I sighed, for it is a long time till Spring.

The garden is a glorious sight, crowded with flowers which seem to have caught all the colors of the sunsets, holding them there amid the green foliage. Tall zinnias of every shade, calendulas, asters and marigolds. The sweet-pea rack is a tapestry of beauty and "Heavenly-Blue" morning glories climb so high they seem to be trying to reach heaven, there to blend their own exquisite blue blossoms with the sky! Soon frost and snow will claim them—but today they are ours!

Dr. Bradley, Jimmie and I walked around looking at every plant and flower, and this memory we will hold through the storms of winter (of whatever kind). Then we pulled the last carrots, a cauliflower and some luscious tomatoes from our Victory Garden, for dinner.

Tonight the September moon sheds its silvery light over the lake, the pines—the Island—and the air is very chilly. We have a large log burning in the fireplace. I will draw up a chair in front of it and look over some letters for the Mail Bag.

The first one is from Hans T. Kramer, who writes from Fort Winfield Scott, San Francisco. His name appears on our Honor Roll,—and here is his letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"Many a time I have wanted to write to you but never got to it. I hope you will forgive me. I have been in the army a good long while now, as I was originally inducted on January the 17th, 1941, and went to Fort Custer, Michigan, where I stayed for about a week. Our group then was sent to San Francisco to the Harbor Defenses. We belong to the Coast Artillery. Our first location was Fort Frenston at the

extreme southwestern part of this city. As I am over 28 years old, I was released in October and was home for about four months. Was up at church several times, too, but Mother always had an early dinner, so I had to hurry away and couldn't see you personally at "the foot of the stairs." I am a member of the church and former member of the choir, Young Peoples Club and Uptown Players. Now I'm back in the same outfit but at Fort Winfield Scott next to the Presidio of San Francisco.

"This surely is a beautiful city. Chicago is beautiful, especially its parks, but San Francisco has some beauty all its own. It must be the hills. I have often climbed them and seen the panorama of sky and ocean and the ships coming and going in the bay. There is always a new view, no matter what hill you climb, and there are quite a few of them. Then too, those steep streets with the old-fashioned cable cars—I just love to stand and watch the cars being turned around on a turntable at the end of the line by their crew and a few helpful pedestrians. One of the most beautiful sights out here though, is the famous Golden Gate at sunset. It really lives up to its name for the bay just turns into a mass of red lava. You actually can see that big ball of fire move slowly, but surely, into the ocean of gold.

"Here I go telling you all about San Francisco, when I know that you would much rather know what's doing here in our camp. I wish I really could tell you all about this place, but our Uncle Sam says 'hush.' Nevertheless, we are well fortified here and really are keeping a sharp eye out for any sea serpent that may stick its bent neck out to 'take a reading.' Then too, they are still keeping us busy improving our position. Just a few weeks ago they put us through 'play training' on our

commando course. We really had a work-out and came through with colors flying. Our men broke several records and regretted that they could not continue the game longer for it only lasted a week. It felt good to sleep in regular beds for a week, and between nice clean white sheets, as on regular duty we sleep a good deal of the time with our clothes on in our gun emplacements. Our 'chow' is very good and we get plenty of it—eat it out of our mess kits. The cool sea breeze and the fog keep our cooks busy. That's just the thing we don't like. We want sunshine and a bit of heat.

"I shouldn't have bothered you with all this, as I know only too well how busy you are, dear Dr. Bradley. So 'goodbye now,' as Marie Tilles would say, from whom I had a letter the other day.

Yours truly,  
Hans T. Kramer  
P. F. C."

\* \* \*

Here is another very interesting letter. It comes from Anderson, Indiana. The fine spirit of this woman will not be slain by adversity. I certainly admire her perseverance and think her letter may be an inspiration to others: "Dear Dr. Bradley:

"We listen to your broadcasts and like your inspirational talks and thoughts which help us go through these days with so much trouble and storm clouds on all sides. It is good to think on other things also, and seek to be calm and sensible as we trudge the rocky, rough, uphill road to somewhere on ahead—who knows what and where?

"I like your quotations of poetry and prose for we have so little of the really best things of life in this topsy turvy world today. I do a great deal

of writing and have written many poems. Also am a naturalist and have been all my life. Bird study is one of my many hobbies and we have a bird sanctuary here.

"I was much interested this evening to hear you speak of a problem concerning education, and that there is something lacking in a college or university education that leaves out such a vital part that we so sorely need to make a go of life and not 'miss the main thing,' as a professor of mine used to say to some of us who failed to get the point he wished us to see.

"I have said many times that no one is educated entirely, no matter how much book learning he has, unless he has learned how to make use of what he learned; and that it should be required of every college and university to help each graduate find himself and be able to use his knowledge in a sensible manner, in a businesslike way to make a living; avoid mistakes in business dealings, to see afar and check mistakes before they hit him in the face.

"My husband and I met at college. He graduated with highest honors, but he did not learn anything about business when there, so started out by guess. Consequently after a number of years of saving and skimping and trying to get ahead by investing in too much real estate on his salary, during the depression when the bottom dropped out of the world, he lost his position and in a few years everything he had was gone, his job and all. So we have had pretty slim picking since he has been out of his real work of teaching. He has had some good positions and was head of science in the High School for years, and principal of the Junior High School before that, also taught at a college for five years.

Then we educated our two children, sent them to college ten or twelve years. Our daughter has two degrees and our son has had about five years of college. Both children live in Chicago. But we are left to fight our way out when late in life and small chance to begin again unless some unexpected turn of affairs might come to light, and I cannot think what that could be.

"I have a number of things started, hoping by them I might get a start to help buy a small home. I bought a small evergreen nursery and set all the young trees out myself. I get some pay for writing, but not enough for a living. I write for several papers, some pay and others do not. I have given programs for a number of years on nature, poetry, gardening, inspirational talks to all kinds of groups of men and women, children, scouts, churches, colleges, etc. Also have done much art work and sold quite a bit. I have so many irons in the fire, cannot get done half the things ahead of me. We live on a hill overlooking White River three miles from town and I grow many flowers and have many birds about me the whole year through; feed them in winter and about 30 or more nested here last summer.

"Must close now. Thought I would tell you that your subject this evening was the very one that had bothered me for so long and am glad for the chance to listen in to you.

"With best wishes, cordially,  
Mrs. Mary Larkin Cook."

\* \* \*

Time to close the Mail Bag. Now that vacations are over, hope you will pack our mail bag with your interesting letters. Dr. Bradley will need all the help he can get. So—be sure to write—

AND-KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM.

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# The Liberalist

**FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER**

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. . . . . Editor  
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## EDITORIAL

AT THE time of writing this editorial we have had three Sundays in our new church year. I can say without any reservation that never in all the years of my ministry have I felt the same spirit at work in our church or experienced a finer cooperative attitude on the part of the people of the church. They have been three wonderful Sundays in every sense of that somewhat overworked word. I have left every service with a feeling of exhilaration and encouragement. I have never known congregations more responsive. I have never known them to be more vital or interested than they are this year, and although the Sundays have not been particularly agreeable as far as weather conditions were concerned, congregations have been large and inspiring.

I realize fully that the church must face unusual conditions and meet unprecedented challenges. We have no way of knowing at this time how gas rationing, together with the other conditions, which may exist, will affect our attendance. We know that our congregations are composed of people from

all over the metropolitan area of Chicago, and there isn't a Sunday when there are not many from adjacent towns and cities, but the people always have adapted themselves to changing conditions with a great deal of courage and cooperation, and I believe we will do so under any circumstances which arise. Fortunately our church is only 200 feet from north side busses, only two blocks from elevated and street car lines, and by a little reorganization of our habits, it will be possible for all who desire to attend to be present. It may take a few Sundays for adjustments but am convinced they will be made.

I never enjoyed preaching more than I have on the present series of "Living in Wartime." The whole atmosphere of the church has been stimulating and the same spirit pervades all of the various organizations, every one of which gives evidence of a renewal of vitality and a feeling that it is more important today than it has ever been. We are missing deeply many familiar faces from the congregation, the choir, the ushering staff and the organizations, for the young men of our church are

leaving every week for military service. We are sending our church calendar, our *Liberalist* and the *Dial* to every one of our men, and many people in the church and organizations are corresponding faithfully with our men who are away. I am receiving many letters from camps and outposts which tell me repeatedly of what this church and its life has meant to them in the years which are passed. Our church must mean more now to them and to everyone than it has ever meant in the past.

I attempt in every sermon to leave every listener with a little stronger equipment to meet the demands of the hour. We will all need strength and courage and must persistently maintain a buoyant, creative, constructive attitude. Each one of us can resolve every day of our lives to be a little more patient, a little less critical, a little more forgiving, a little more friendly and charitable in our own relationships here at home. The task before us is a huge one. The difficulties are many but our resources are great.

The women of the church and congregation have worked every week all summer long in Red Cross activities and have made a most enviable record. Every organization in the church is definitely at work on a program which will help build the general morale of our people and thereby strengthen the hearts and souls of the men and women who are engaged more closely in the actual operation of war itself. The fortitude of our noble allies, the people of Great Britain, and of China and of

Russia, as well as the nobility of character revealed by the peoples of the occupied areas of Europe must be matched with our own. We, who will probably feel the actual agony of war less than any other people in the world, must now above all times manifest a greatness of soul and spirit which will be a constant encouragement and support to those who are suffering so acutely. We are not homeless nor hungry. Our homes are not in ruins, our fields of grain have not been burned, our cattle are on a thousand hillsides, our wealth is unfathomable, and all this must be utilized for the successful culmination of the cause for which brave men are dying.

We cannot share the victory if we miss the sacrifice. Criticisms and complaints, self-pity and sniping are below the dignity of our people and beneath the true character of our nation. Mistakes have been made and there will be other mistakes made. There has been incompetent leadership in spots and inability in places, but as the days go by, these will be eliminated and eradicated and we will all settle down to the task of cooperating, working, sacrificing, giving, until the dawn of another and a better day for humanity. To miss the opportunity of this hour is to miss one of the great moments of history itself. I am proud of our church and all the people in it, and never did I enter a winter more hopefully or gratefully than I begin the work which this winter will bring.

P.B.

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## SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES RESUMED

**T**HE Sunday evening services of The Peoples Church of Chicago will begin Sunday evening, No-

vember 1st, at 7:30 o'clock. These services are the most largely attended, regular Sunday evening church services

in the city. On only two occasions last winter was the auditorium large enough to seat the audience, and those were evenings of sub-zero temperature.

Dr. Bradley has chosen for his opening subject "How Long Will the War Last?" These Sunday evening services have become an institution in the City of Chicago. People of every creed and class and faith attend. At the conclusion of the main address for the evening, Dr. Bradley will conduct a question box. This has always been a part of the service. Questions are to be submitted in writing and handed to an usher at either the Sunday morning service or on arrival at the church for the evening service.

The chorus choir under the direction of Mr. Emerson Abernethy and with Mr. Philip Jorgensen at the organ, will

furnish the music.

It is impossible to anticipate what effect the gas rationing may have on attendance but the church is conveniently located to all north side bus, street car and elevated transportation. The subjects all winter long will deal with vital and important questions before the nation and the world, which will be treated against the background of our spiritual needs and the upbuilding of our cultural and moral lives. Radio friends are always welcome and a special section is to be reserved this season for men and women in the uniform of the country.

You are most cordially invited to attend the opening service and to make the Peoples Church of Chicago a Sunday evening event in the life of the winter.

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## THE WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES

THE Wednesday evening book lectures will be resumed on Wednesday evening, November 4th at 8:00 o'clock in the auditorium of the Peoples Church. This will be the tenth year of the book lectures and Dr. Bradley has prepared for the opening month lectures and discussions on vital and important books. There has always been an effort to maintain a well-balanced program incorporating fiction, history, biography, drama and poetry. These lectures are always open to everyone and are always free. They begin promptly at 8:00 o'clock and close at 9:00. The Publishers Weekly of New York has said that they are the most largely attended regular book lectures given in this country. The list

of books for the month of November follows:

November 4th—"Washington Is Like That," by W. M. Kiplinger.

November 11th—"Last Train From Berlin," by Howard K. Smith.

November 18th—"The Song of Bernadette," by Franz Werfel.

November 25th—"The Robe," by Lloyd C. Douglas.

You will note that there is a diversity in this month's selection. Dr. Bradley wrote the review of "The Robe," the new novel by Lloyd C. Douglas, for the literary page of the Chicago Daily News of Wednesday, October 21st.

Students and librarians are especially invited to these book lectures, as is the general public.



# BOOK CHATS

**I** NEVER remember a fall season when the books were coming as thick and as fast and were as important as they are these days. To keep up with them all will be a physical impossibility. One must depend more or less upon one's own ability for discrimination; but there are some very great books being published these days, and some which I think will outlast merely contemporary interest.

During the months which are ahead I am going to give you my impressions and reactions in these pages to some of these books. Of course there are many which are not worth the reading, and then we ought not to forget what someone has said—that any book is a new book if you haven't read it—but events are happening with such rapidity all over the world and the people who are a part of those events are recording them with such vitality and ability that one doesn't like to miss very much of what these significant people are writing of important events and conditions.

Necessarily some of the books may lack the qualities of great literature. Many of them are written under hectic and disturbing conditions; many of them are hastily written, all of which does not, of course, make for great and enduring literature. I read just the other day a remark made by Thomas Mann, whom I consider one of the greatest of modern writers. He said that he sometimes spent an entire forenoon in his study working on one paragraph. Men who work and write like that are writing for eternity. There is not much of that kind of writing being done. But if one wants a real

understanding of the world in which we live, it will be necessary to read some books which will give evidence of hasty workmanship.

\* \* \*

I wish that you would turn to the list of books in another part of this magazine, which I am going to lecture on in the Wednesday evening Book Lectureship, and cooperate with me in calling the attention of your friends who are interested in books to this list which I will discuss during November. With but one exception they may have only a bearing upon our contemporary life, but it is essential, if each of us is to meet the demands of this hour that we have a basic understanding of the life and background of which we are a part and in a degree a product.

The novel "The Robe," which is the latest book of Lloyd C. Douglas, deals with another age and another hour and is the story of the soldier who won the robe of Christ when the soldiers allotted His garments in that far-off century. It is exceedingly interesting and in some ways the best book Douglas has written. I predict that it will be in a matter of weeks at the head of the non-fiction best-sellers of the nation.

Probably the most timeless book is one by that great artist and writer Franz Werfel, "The Song of Bernadette."

This will be our tenth year of the Book Lectures and I hope it will be our best year. With your cooperation it is possible. I think the list of books which I am going over now from the publishers evidences quite clearly that we are in for one of the most stimulating and interesting seasons of book

lectures we have yet had. Why not plan to just set aside every Wednesday evening at 8:00 o'clock and make it your book night at the Peoples Church?

\* \* \*

Some months ago Pearl S. Buck, whom we all remember for her great novels, wrote me, along with many other reviewers and critics throughout the nation, asking for my suggestion for a list of books written by Americans which would most ably present the true picture of these United States to the peoples of the near and far East. Pearl Buck is President of the East and West Association, and is devoting her talents and energies to a better understanding between the orient and occident. She had a very fine response to her request from critics all over the country, and many of them wrote letters when they sent their list of books, telling why they chose the books they did. Unquestionably all agreed on the value of such a list and the necessity of translating those which had not been translated, into the language of the people for whom they were intended. The final list which Miss Buck selected, which is based upon fifteen books which occurred on practically all of the lists, and which she selected from each list submitted, was very unusual and somewhat surprising, but on the whole it constitutes fifteen books which if you haven't read, I suggest that you read during the winter.

"Huckleberry Finn" by Mark Twain.

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" by Mark Twain.

"Our Times" (6 volumes) by Mark Sullivan.

"Abraham Lincoln" by Carl Sandburg.

"The Flowering of New England" by Van Wyck Brooks.

"Arrowsmith" by Sinclair Lewis.

"Main Street" by Sinclair Lewis.

"The Folks" by Ruth Suckow.

"Leaves of Grass" by Walt Whitman.

"My Antonia" by Willa Cather.

"The Yearling" by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

"The Rise of American Civilization" by Charles A. and Mary Beard.

"The Epic of America" by James Truslow Adams.

"The Grapes of Wrath" by John Steinbeck.

"Little Women" by Louisa May Alcott.

Undoubtedly this list in some items may be successfully criticized, and it may not be the list that you would choose or that I would select. Some of the books which I did put on my list are in this list, notably the book on "The Rise of American Civilization," by the Beards and "The Epic of America," by James Truslow Adams, both of which I consider the finest books which have been written as interpretations of the American background.

Miss Buck makes no extravagant claims for her list and does not maintain that they will give anyone a complete understanding of our country. She says quite simply and sincerely, at the end of her report: "This list of books is nothing but a handshake across the sea, a handshake and a look into each other's eyes—nothing more."

\* \* \*

There is a little story connected with one of the books on the above list, which I think will interest you. We all remember with delight Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' book, "The Yearling." Her new book, "Cross Creek," is a delight, and one of the most interesting books I read during the summer.

Mrs. Rawlings received a copy of "The Ship's Log," which is the official newspaper of the Bremerton Receiving Station at the Puget Sound Navy Yard. It contained this interesting experience: "The best recommendation for 'Cross Creek' that we can think of is the fact that Jimmy Peters, SM2c, abandoned the sinking Lexington with Marjorie Rawlings' literary effort in his hand. From 'Cross Creek' to 'Cross Coral Sea' is some swim—if you don't think so, just ask Jimmy. The yeoman in charge of the ship's library at Puget Sound Navy Yard wrote Mrs. Rawlings that when the order came to abandon ship, 'Signalman Peters ran to his locker and got your book—as he said 'why not? I hadn't finished it and it's a swell book.' He climbed down the rope into a lifeboat and was later picked up by a small destroyer. Your book was the only book aboard and it was read constantly by the crew for the next two weeks. I have often heard about the 'ten books you would like to have with you if you were cast away on a desert island,' but this is the first time I have ever heard of the one book that anyone would save from a sinking ship—and the Lexington library boasted two

thousand volumes." Both of Mrs. Rawlings' books, "Cross Creek" and "The Yearling" are published by Scribner's.

\* \* \*

I have always liked little books; books that one could slip in one's coat pocket and take out on a bus or a train and read a paragraph or two. A little book has just come my way, published by Harper & Brothers, which I wish every reader of these words would read and own. It is called "What Man Can Make of Men," by William Ernest Hocking. Don't let the fact that the writer is a professor at Harvard frighten you from this little book, thinking it is so profound and involved that it will be difficult reading. It is simply and movingly written and is modern philosophy at its best. It only costs a dollar and I wouldn't take fifty times that amount for my copy, if I couldn't get another. If you read this book you will thank me for bringing it to your attention and so, until next month, and with the hope that I will see you at our Wednesday evening book lectures, I close the Book Chats.

P.B.

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# THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

The Uptown Players take great pleasure in announcing that on Sunday afternoon, October 25, 1942, at 3:30 p.m., their founder and director, J. Bradley-Griffin, will appear in recital at the Civic Theatre, Wacker Drive at Washington Boulevard.

Out of the mass of material inspired by the present war, Mr. Bradley-Griffin has selected the outstanding works of our finest contemporary writers. His program, "The Road to Freedom," contains a message of great importance not only to Americans but to all freedom-loving peoples as well. It in-

cludes "The Saga of Johnny the One," by L. E. Roux; "This Changing World," by Anne Campbell; "They Burned the Books," and "Nightmare at Noon," by Stephen Vincent Benet; "High Flight," by John Gillespie McGee, Jr.; "Phoney" and "Morale," by the great English poet, A. P. Herbert; Shakespeare on Contemporary Events, and Translations from the Ancient Chinese.

All seats are reserved and are priced at \$2.20, \$1.65, \$1.10 and 83c. Reservations may be made by writing The Uptown Players' Studio, 410 S. Michigan Ave., or calling Webster 2123.

## Mail Yule Gifts Early to Soldiers

From Washington comes the advice from the war department to do Christmas mailing early to soldiers overseas.

Postal officials urged that cards, letters and holiday packages be mailed in October, explaining that "very likely" anything sent after November

first would fail to reach the soldier before Christmas.

No more than one package a week may be mailed by any one person, and no package may weigh more than 11 pounds, or measure more than 18 inches in length, or more than 42 inches in length and girth combined.

### ***Pamphlet Describes "What's Going On At Peoples Church"***

New members of the Peoples Church will surely want to obtain copies of a small mimeographed pamphlet called "What's going on at Peoples Church." This booklet, just prepared, gives a brief description of each of the organizations of the Church, tells who may join them, explains the purposes of each, and tells when and where each club meets. In addition it contains a CLUB TIME TABLE giving a calendar of the month's meetings.

Any new members wishing to know more about the organizations of the Church, or any old member who has not yet become affiliated with a church group but would like to, is urged to ask the office or the usher for a copy of this pamphlet. When you do get this booklet, show it to your friends and neighbors and help them to become interested and active in the Peoples Church. V.K.B.

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# BROADCAST OF DR. PRESTON BRADLEY.

*Given over WGN, October 1st, 1942. Printed by Popular Request.*

OOD evening:—A very significant and critical week for ourselves as a nation and for the world is drawing to a close. Many important things have happened everywhere. Apart from the activity in the actual warfare of the world, having to do with military action, this week has been unusually significant for the people of the United States in the emphasis which has been placed upon the deeper and more fundamental aspects of our whole condition as a nation. The decision of the Congress in regard to important domestic affairs has been important, the Hitler pep speech which was primarily designed for home consumption and which predicates that you will be hearing of peace rumors coming by way of Stockholm and possibly Rome in the immediate future—these and many other things have made it a week of unusual interest, but underneath it all and above it all has been going on quietly and effectively in every community and locality throughout the nation a nationwide religious education week for America.

The emphasis being placed upon this aspect of our nation is more important than anything else which has happened. Every one of us, of whatever faith or creed, is experiencing a deepening of religious consciousness. I am finding this everywhere, and no more significant statement has been made than that, within the week, of Archbishop of York, who said "It is in passionate refutation of this slave philosophy that men are now agonizing in the horrors of war. Rather than surrender their liberty, they have sacrificed wealth, ease, home and even life itself. When

you resolve all the problems connected with this war, of every kind and character, economic, industrial, political, educational, you will find that down underneath them all is this spiritual sensitiveness which we have for the ideal of freedom. It was a very true statement of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, when he said this week, "Human greed and selfishness have brought us to our present sorry plight. Industrial and commercial development have been so rapid, so all-engrossing, that they have outstripped and stultified our moral and spiritual development." These words are undeniably true. We are finding great values in our activity these days, which some of us had all but lost, and which must be regained.

I have spoken recently to men who have just come back from the thick of battle—men whose bodies and souls bear wounds. This week I had the opportunity of visiting with a marine who was on the Oklahoma in the battle of Pearl Harbor, and without exception, everyone with whom I have spoken has emphasized the need for a spiritual rebuilding of every one of us, of every creed and faith. The men who are engaged in the actual operation of war are the ones who are most aware and who are giving outspoken expression to these truths. One of the men of Bataan, when asked the question as to how he felt when in that inferno of fire and blood made the enduring remark, "There are no atheists in the foxholes of Bataan." As the casualty lists come in, in hundreds of the homes of this nation, the sustaining strength in the hour of sorrow and of tragedy will be that which comes from a faith

in our ideals and a dependence upon the God of us all. I shall think of this tomorrow morning when, at ten o'clock, I give the graduating address for 2,200 young men at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

I am going to read to you now a letter which is one of the most human and explanatory documents of this whole war—a letter which every one of us should read. I do so with the permission of the mother to whom it was written and who is listening in tonight. Writing his last letter before his death over England, a fighting American Eagle of the Royal Air Force, has given us an imperishable thing. A few days ago his personal effects were received by his father. In them was an envelope inscribed, "Please send this letter home in case of death, and any pictures that I might have of myself." This is his letter:—

"Dearest Folks: Events are moving rapidly and I have instructed this letter to be forwarded to you should I fail to return from one of the raids which we shall be called upon to undertake. If I am killed my task shall go to the extremely capable hands of the members of the Eagle Squadrons and R. A. F. Though it will be difficult for you, you will disappoint me if you do not at least try to accept the facts dispassionately. One thing you will always have, and that is the fact that I have done my duty to the utmost of my ability. No man can do more, and no one calling himself a man can do less. My death would not have meant that your struggle has been in vain. It means that your sacrifice is as great as mine. Today we are faced with one of the greatest organized challenges to humanity and civilization that the world has seen, and I feel lucky and honored to throw my full weight into the scale. For this I thank you and God.

"You must not grieve for me, for if you really believe in religion and all that it stands for you will know that I have gone because my time was up. I have never been much on religion, but since being over here and seeing things take place, I have come to believe that there must be a reason for it all. Please don't think that I fear death. The universe is so vast and ageless that the life of one man can only be justified by the measure of his deeds. Those who just eat and sleep, prosper; but are no better than animals if they have not the will to save the one thing worth saving, The World. These animals I speak of, I have seen them as well as you. These people grow rich on our blood, but they are so few compared with the good.

"Mother, when this war is over and the boys come back home, stand up and cheer them, because I will be there flying over their heads with the rest of the squadron of the dead. We never die; the things we have done will live on forever. Thus, in my early age my earthly mission is already fulfilled and I am prepared to die with a heart filled with joy. God bless you all. Love. Gilbert."

\* \* \*

George Elliston has written these lines which close appropriately tonight's broadcast:—

You see them on the street each day—

The heroes of the land—

And never know they pass you by,

And shake you by the hand.

The heroes of this world I find

Are far too shy to ask

A recognition of their worth,

Too busy with each task.

Too busy with a hero's work

To know that they are great;

Too occupied to realize

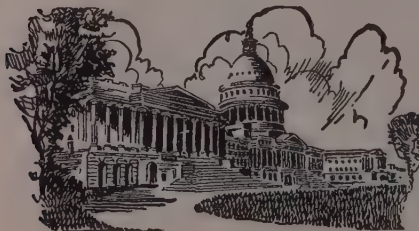
The splendor of their fate!

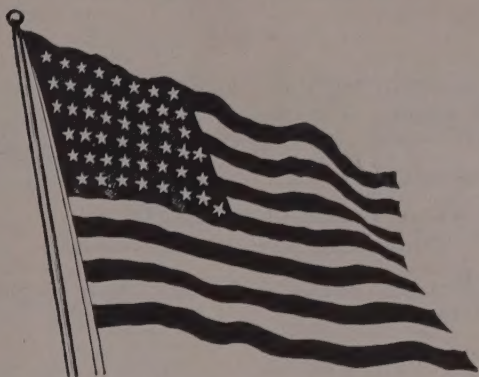


# HONOR ROLL

At the afternoon service on Easter Sunday, the Honor Roll of The Peoples Church was unveiled. This roll contains the names of those members and workers in The Peoples Church, both men and women, who are "In the Service" of our country. Names will be added from time to time, as it becomes necessary.

|                       |                      |                      |
|-----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| Arthur J. Williams    | Herbert Bluhm        | William V. Myers     |
| Harold E. Hansen      | Ben C. Bluhm         | Alfred Taylor        |
| John L. Freitag       | Douglas L. Palo      | Robert E. Gill       |
| George Freitag        | James H. Meyer       | George John Smith    |
| Howard Wentz          | Robert H. Meyer      | Hans Kramer          |
| Kurt Proud            | Lester G. Riley      | Howard C. Nelson     |
| Kurt Meyer            | William F. Hobbs     | Howard Berhalter     |
| George Formanek, Jr.  | Duane Terry          | Charles Boaz         |
| Lloyd Blue, Jr.       | Frank G. Christ      | William Schroeder    |
| Howard Carlseen       | Richard P. Strand    | Charles Walska       |
| Clinton R. Sipe       | Norman P. Anderson   | James Schneller      |
| Dr. Henry C. Johannes | Arthur E. Toepfer    | Jacob Estes Replogle |
| Edward W. Nonnenbruch | Muriel Mlyniec       | Harry S. Gray        |
| Wm. Robert DeWees     | Robert Murphy        | William Berglund     |
| Harold Ingersoll      | Robert Olson         | George E. Kruskopf   |
| Henry J. Tinling      | Frans Eronson        | William J. Wenger    |
| Yale W. Rowley        | Forrest A. Oldenburg | Walter Moran         |
| Wendel Estal          | James Code           | Charles Fus          |
| Winslow Heg           | Henry Willeumier     | ★Charles C. Crane    |
|                       | Robert John Wendland |                      |





## ☆ OUR CAUSE ☆

The cause of human progress is our cause, the enfranchisement of human thought our supreme wish, the freedom of human conscience our mission, and the guarantee of equal rights to all peoples everywhere the end of our contention.

# Church Activities



SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE....Broadcast by WJJD....11:00 o'clock

Weekly Broadcasts by Dr. Bradley:—Nightly, WGN, 6:00 o'clock

Saturday evening, "Home Front" Program—WLS 9:30 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE....Opening November 1st....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....

Channing Hall, Sunday morning, 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH....Opening service Hall C, Sunday morning, October 11th, 11:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURE.....

Opening Wednesday evening, November 4th 8:00 o'clock sharp Church Auditorium

CHOIR REHEARSALS....Thursday evenings, 8:00 o'clock Church Auditorium

RED CROSS UNIT..Every Thursday in Channing Hall—9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB....Opening Luncheon, Edgewater Beach Hotel, October 12th, 12:30 p.m. Dr. Preston Bradley, Speaker. Claudette Gerard, Soprano. October 26th, Channing Hall, 1:00 p.m.—Educational Program, Miss Adelaide M. Thomason, Chairman. Round Table Discussion, Lake Forest College Students. Music, Girls of Park Ridge School.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Opening meeting, October 12th, 8:00 p.m., Channing Hall.

Program—Lillian Smith, Dramatic Reader.

October 26th—8:00 p.m., Hall B, Miss Dolly Kolberg, Chairman of the Evening.

MEN'S CLUB..Opening meeting, October 26th, Channing Hall, 8:00 o'clock.

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every second Thursday.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB.....Meets every first and third Tuesday

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Drama Teas—

First Sunday of the month, Channing Hall, 4:00 o'clock. Players open season presenting J. Bradley-Griffin, Director, in a dramatic recital, with Lulu Jones Downing, accompanist, Sunday afternoon, October 25th, at the Civic Theatre, Wacker Drive at Washington Blvd., 3:30 o'clock. Plays—To be given as announced. Studio—410 South Michigan Avenue—Webster 2123.

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